

3511
7 R4
03
by 1

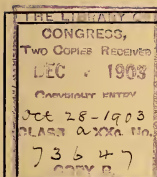
Regenald Orook

and the Goldfish



THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

Mrs. Osie Bradford Fox
338 College Avenue
FOSTORIA, OHIO



Regenald Orook *and the Goldfish*

C O P Y R I G H T A P P L I E D F O R



IDDY OROOK was fond of his book,
He had often gone with line and no hook,
To dream in the shade by the babbling brook,
Or watch the shy fish from some shady nook.

One day Riddy, with his mother, attended the
show,

At the town some three miles distance or so,
There were cages of monkeys, there were zebras and donkeys,
A large aquarium, with gold-fish aswim.
Other boys watched the monkeys the zebras and donkeys,
But our Riddy was not interested in them.
Our Riddy was longing, for line and hook,
That he might go fishing, in the babbling brook.
He was dreaming of gold-fish, when suddenly, Oh!
He saw the bold cow-boy, throw the lasso.
Immediately his energies, were all wide awake,
And he longed for a rope, a lasso to make.
In his bed that night, he tossed to and fro
And dreamed he was lassoing, a wild buffalo,
As the daring cow-boy did at the show.
Next day the clothes-line, he threw right and left,
Soon the old turkey gobbler, of his head was bereft.
Then with strenuous effort, he caught the fence post,
Next the black calf was strangled, white as a ghost,

Soon he caught the wild colt, then with a will
Threw the lasso on father, and held him quite still.
Soon over the country, had spread the report,
That with lasso our Riddy, had become an expert.
To lasso a wild buffalo, his ambition ran high,
Or catch a gold-fish, from the stream that flowed by.

There is a great excitement, in town to-day,
For all the bank's money was stolen away.
And a badge of deep mourning, hangs on the door,
The trusted night watchman, lay dead on the floor.
The trustees called a meeting, and offered reward,
For the capture of robbers, and return of the hoard.
For return of the money, one thousand they said,
And for each of the robbers, five hundred per head.

Now Mistress Orook, a thorough house-wife was she,
And had as fine a garden as ever you see.
She had lettuce and cabbage, and cucumbers there —
Much she prided herself, on her vegetables rare,
For Betsy, was thorough and always took pains,
And was ever considered, a woman of brains.
When she went for her brass kettle, that hung in the shed,
“I too have been robbed, of my treasure” she said.
“Now Rid you must find that kettle straightway,
Or I cannot green, my cucumber pickles to-day.”
That brass kettle was hung, by my grandmother great,
Fifty feet in the well, to save the pure plate,
When the British marched down, on Boston that day—
In the well that brass kettle, safely hidden away.
In the house the family, did quietly remain
While the British searched for treasures in vain.
“I would rather go catch a gold-fish” said he
“Or lasso that buzzard, on the high maple tree,”

So he sauntered forth, and a part of the clothes line he took,
And out by the sawmill, found a broken "cant-hook."
Then he looked for a rod, at the back of the mill,
While he stood undecided, he kept very still,
For a stranger was talking, as he sat on a plank,
Told of the excitement in town, and wreck of the bank.
Then he leisurely strolled, down the path to the brook,
As he tied the clothes-line, to the pole and "cant-hook."
Said he "If I choose, to fish in the dark,
I know the old 'cant-hook,' would catch a big shark."
He threw out his line, then threw down his rod,
And his own slender body, upon the green sod.
Oh! Riddy, you simpleton, how long you must wait,
For I never knew anyone, to catch fish without bait.
Now Riddy was thinking, of the story in his pretty new book,
Of the gold-fish they caught, without line or hook.
Then he dreamed that his hat, turned to a glass dish,
Which he sunk in the water, and caught a gold-fish.
Then further he thought in his dream, we are told,
That he found a goose nest, with eggs of pure gold.
Then partially awake, he turned on his side,
Down in the still water, the brass kettle he spied.
Yes it was the brass kettle, a handsome tell-tale.
He jerked on the line, and reversed the bail.
But solid and firm, the kettle stood there,
Said he I will leave, the whole outfit right here.
Then he ran to the house, found his mother alone,
Who so quick witted, said "Now don't tell anyone."
For Betsy Orook was wise in her way,
She tho't of good fortune, and foresaw it that day,
As she followed Riddy, down to the brook,
Where quietly lay, the clothes-line and "cant-hook."
She pulled on the line, "Tis a big fish" said she,
"Now son you must leave, all the planning to me."

Don't tell anybody, dear boy, for my sake,
Go quick to the shed, and bring the old garden rake."
Fleet footed ran Riddy, as fast as a deer,
Or the hounds and the hunters after a hare.
With the iron rake, she lifted each bag of gold,
Then brought up the kettle, so precious and old.
"We will carry the treasure, out to the deep spring,
Now, remember my son, don't you tell anything.
To-night you must help catch the theives, little man,
You must execute, and mother will plan."
So they hid the gold in the spring deep and clear.
They worked fast, and kept still, that no one would hear.
Or see them at work in the pasture field there.
She called to Orook, who came in a minute,
"We have found the brass kettle, and something nice in it."
"Did the bees carry it off, to store away honey?"
"Oh no something better, 'tis chuck full of money."
"Money," he echoed, gasping for breath,
"Oh Betsey, do tell, you half scare me to death."
"Now Orook, we must think quick, and work fast as well,
We must catch the thieves, or we will never dare tell
Of the money we found. We will to-night lay in wait
For the rascles, and the old kettle will serve as a bait."
"Oh, Oh," said Orook, and he leaped from the floor.
"Go bring a strong rope," said she, "make haste! shut the door."
Then she brought out a horse-pistol rusty and old,
Which belonged to an uncle, so daring and bold.
For she had descended from good colonial stock,
Though in this rude world, she had many a knock.
Oft had she boasted, and she boasted still,
Of her great grandfather's bravery at Bunkerhill.

Now they silently steal forth, one by one to the brook,
First Riddy, then Riley, then Betsy Orook.

They crouched in the darkness, where none could see,
Near the fence in the shadow, of an old maple tree.

"Now Betsy, be careful, how you handle that gun,
I don't like to be near you, don't shoot anyone."

"Now Riley, don't worry, I just shoot to scare,
I'll not hit anybody, I'll shoot in the air."

Orook made a slip noose, in each end of his rope,
While Riddy prepared a lasso, in the strong hope
Of lassoing a robber. Now who ever heard
Of lassoing a robber, to secure a reward.

"Throw steady my son, hold hard and draw tight,
Much depends on your nerve, my dear boy, to-night."
Five long hours in the shadow of the old tree they wait,
And our brave little Rid, thought it must be very late,
When he heard a low rumbling, though nothing in sight,
Oh welcome the sound, to their strained ears that night.

"Await my orders, my son, for I have a notion,
You must let them well past, that they'll not see your motion."
Slowly the old horse walked quietly by,
This old bald-faced nag, the show-men had turned out to die.
When on the night air, the pistol rang shrill,
The old show horse, had been trained to stand still.
At that instant Rid threw the lasso, with unerring aim,
And our atheletic Riley, sprang in the wagon, and secured the
game,

And the night air was blue, with language profane.
One robber sat there, and silently planned,
While Betsy still holding the gun in one hand,
Nor uttered a word. 'Twas all understood,
That she lead the horse by the bit along the road.
While Riley and Riddy held the ropes tight,
Betsey led the old nag, into town that night.
And well they knew, 'twas neighbor Tim's voice,
That uttered the oaths, so loud and choice.

Tim was an idler, though not quite a fool,
He did not get his lessons, when he went to school.
'Twas almost morning, when they reached the town,
Betsy looked pale, Riley's face wore a frown,
Poor little Riddy, tired and foot sore we know,
Was thankful he had no further to go.
The Copps gathered about them. "Here are the robbers," said
she,

"We have brought the bank breakers, Rid, Riley and me."

The Copps to the station, the whole outfit took,
The rig and the robbers, and Betsy Orook.
The telephone bells, now rang loud and long,
And soon at the station, was gathered a throng.
The bankers, the Police Chief, the Council and Mayor—
The Court never convened so early before.

Betsy was in a great hurry to make her confession
And that was excuse for so early a session.

"The cows were not milked last night," she said,
"All our work was neglected, the calves were not fed.

I had intended to brew yeast to bake bread
And here I have been catching bank robbers instead.
And now that I have come to think of it at last,
Rid, Riley and I have had a long fast."

"Take the horse and drive home," said the Mayor, "but you see
We will expect you back precisely at three."

"I don't mean any disrespect your honor to you,
But please sir may Riddy go along too?"

"Very well," said his honor, "now Chief search the men
For further evidence of guilt," and then

They found on Tim's person, oh sad was the sight,
A gold eagle and the watchman's revolver that was stolen that
night.

At the sight of which the whole Court turned pale,
The name on the silver plate told the sad tale.

The silent, sullen robber had paper bills, no gold did he bring,
All the gold but Tim's eagle was in the deep spring.
The sullen robber drew his hat low, but still
Riddy recognized him as the stranger he saw at the mill.
Back to the prison they took them, locked safe in the jail,
For all were convinced they were on the right trail.
Now this sullen, silent robber had a dark, deep plot,
To have Tim help load the money, then shoot him dead on the
spot.

Poor Tim was only half cunning, half fool,
And this wicked bad man had made him his tool.
Now he sat and reflected and the thought did annoy,
How he had been caught by one man, petticoats and a boy.
Our own Judge Wise, a man of renown,
Said he would have liked to see this caravan come into town.
At their home on the farm, Betsy and Riddy worked with a will,
Then went out and look'd for more money still.
Up and down along the clear creek, to and fro,
Carefully scanning the water, and bank as they go.
Then under an old log, that lay on the ground,
A big bag of small sacks, of silver they found.
"Here we are," said Riddy as he felt of the sack,
Now I guess we can take all their lost money back.
And surely we will get the two thousand reward,
When we take all this money, to banker Edward."
"Yes, Riddy, how very good it will seem,
To send you to school, has been my fondest dream."
"Now we'll harness, and hitch up old Dexter you see,
We are due at Court, precisely at three."
They were reported at Court, in due time we are told,
Riddy drove Dexter, and Betsy guarded the gold.
"I'll carry this gun where everybody can see,
And not get arrested for carrying concealed weapons," said she.
To the Mayor and Banker, they delivered the hoard,

Who counted the money, and gave the reward,
 Which was paid over to Betsy straightway,
 And Riddy and Riley were witnesses that day.
 Then the Banker, addressing Riddy, said he,
 "I'll make you a present, son, what shall it be?"
 "On going to school, sir, my mind is bent,
 Mother says I must be educated, or I can never be President."
 "My brave boy," said the Banker, "you shall go to school,
 The place that awaits you cannot be filled by an ignoramus or
 fool."

To Betsy was presented, of the very best metal,
 In place of the old one, a brand new brass kettle.
 "Dismissed," said the Mayor, and it is the report
 The old show horse was sold, to pay expense of the Court.
 The Grand Jury found both men guilty, too bad!
 Tim is the most guilty one they said.
 The gold eagle and revolver, of the dead watchman,
 Proof positive, that he was the guilty one.
 Now the two guilty men, both strangers to Tim,
 Committed the murder, and gave the revolver, and gold eagle
 to him.

For Tim stayed outside, and without remorse,
 Received the gun and gold, and drove the old horse.
 Tim's "pard" got ten years, Tim got twenty-three,
 While the real guilty culprit, was sharp and got free.
 'Twas he who shot the watchman,
 And gave the gold eagle, and revolver to Tim.

Since the robbery, ten long years have passed by,
 In the bank the brass kettle, old rope and "cant-hook" hang high.
 Mr. Edwards, wealthy banker, retired, by the way,
 Regenald Orook, is Bank President to-day.
 'Tis the banker's daughter whom the gossips say
 Regenald Orook will marry some day.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 070 3